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during the time Dr. James Pech has been connected with the direction of musical affairs in that Parish. The service of yesterday, with many previous ones, owe a considerable portion of their perfection to his care and industry.

The papers of this morning speak in the highest praise of the choir at St. John's, and of their magnificent performance of the music; and we further add our testimony to that of our contemporaries in stating that, in this particular style of church music, the performance of yesterday was unique.

From a note quoted at the bottom of the service list, we extract the following short but interesting account of the service—Jackson in F—as performed yesterday morning:

Jackson's performance is one originally composed for performance in the Cathedral Church of Exeter, England, on the occasion of the union of the clergy and the choirs, from the various rural deaneries throughout the Diocese, with that of the Cathedral, when at stated periods during the year, a performance by the whole was given in the Metropolitan Church. The service is written in five real parts; but there is no attempt at anything beyond the simplest counterpoint.

The anthem, however, was omitted, at the request of the Bishop, much to the disappointment of many who had come from great distances to hear a complete service.

The following is an extract from the *Tribune* referring to the matter, which explains more than it is necessary for us to write at present:

"The High Church members complain because the anthem—

'As pants the heart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So long as my soul, O God, for Thee,
And thy refreshing grace'—

was left out of the services. They say that it was arranged by the admirers of the reverend Doctor Tyng that this anthem should be omitted, and a poor, miserable hymn, such as can be sung in any village choir, should be substituted in its stead. They add that God ought to be worshipped in the grandest and most impressive manner, and they hold that it is an insult to the Great Jehovah to offer commonplace music, especially on occasions like this. The organist who performed yesterday has spent years in perfecting himself in his divine art, and should have the selections left entirely to his choice."

Suffice it to say, that anything which tends to rob the power of the Church of its legitimate music is an exhibition of a taste of a questionable order.

The Rev. Dr. Dix, rector of Trinity parish, fosters and nurtures this School of Music with all the tenderness and care of which it is susceptible. The attention which Cathedral music offers over "Gregorian," or what is understood "Ritualistic" music, is, that it not only appeals to the emotions, but, what is of much higher importance, to the heart and head.

The great body of the Diocesan clergy, on arriving in this metropolis, naturally look to Trinity Parish for a standard of excellence, by which their own efforts may be guided in the different spheres in which they are engaged. If the standard is to be no higher than that which falls within the comprehension and performance of a village choir, no possible good can accrue to the clergy or the people in general, or to Trinity Parish—

which is expending such large sums of money. A psalm or hymn-tune may be very devotional, but a work of art, excellently performed, is much more so. It is the highest homage we can offer to Him who has blessed us with the talents and the abilities by which we can adore and praise Him with the best member that we have. To offer to the contemplation of a body, constituting the education and intelligence of the Episcopal Church, a wretched substitute of a hymn in place of the magnificent thought and mind of a musician like Spohr, is an insult to the common intelligence of the people at large, as well as to the clergy who already appreciate excellence in other schools of art outside that of the Church.

The question of sacred musical art is one of principle, not of personal convenience. Music in Trinity Parish has been used for many years past as a hobby on which many, totally unaccustomed to music as an art, have been riding for popularity. Music is an attractive thing, and fills the churches. Would it not then be well for the clergy, as many, though not all are anxious to do, of this parish to encourage it in a form which the Corporation of the parish has a right to expect, from the sums of money they expend on it. There is plenty of choral talent in the Trinity Parish, and men as organists who have been devoted to their art, and passed the highest collegiate standard. To them, then, the matter and its results must be left. They know to what perfection music can be brought. Their actions are not speculative. It is only those ignorant of the subject who are constantly making experiments over obsolete rubrics in use a hundred years since, when it was esteemed a sin to chant, and when no graduates in music had arrived to impart a better tone and system to the musical services of the Episcopal Church.

Signor Barili's Vocal Album.—This long promised book has at length appeared, numbers one and two having been published last week. It is got out in very beautiful form, and is clearly and elegantly engraved, and when completed will form a volume every way worthy of the acceptance of our lady amateurs. The two numbers published contain three pieces each. No. 1 contains *Le Pregiera di un Fanciullo*, The Child's Prayer, "*Serenata Veneziana*" a Venetian serenade, and *La Nuvoletta*, The Cloudlet. No. 2 contains *L'Angelo Del Bene*, The Angel of Mercy; *Conseils de Femmes*, A Woman's Advice, and *La Tortoella*, Dove, Gentle Dove. These songs are very marked in character, being rather Italian-German in style, than purely Italian. They are distinguished by thought and science, and are truly musicianly. The melodies are sustained and pure and the accompaniments are free and descriptive. We believe that Mr. Barili will make a great success with his Vocal Album.

The heir to the house of Erard, a nephew, was the other evening formally betrothed, and the occasion celebrated by a banquet at the Chateau de la Muette. Among the distinguished guests were Thalberg, Berlioz, Mme. Lubeck, and the venerable widow of Spontini.

WHAT THE THEATRES ARE DOING.

On Monday evening, November 11th, Plymouth Church, the business establishment of the Rev'd Henry Ward Beecher, broke loose from that locality and made an irruption on the New York Theatre.

The occasion of this inpouring was the introduction of a play entitled "Norwood," the joint production of Messrs. Augustin Daly and Joseph Howard, helped, in a very small degree, by the aforesaid Henry Ward Beecher of Plymouth Church.

"Norwood," it is unnecessary to say, is intended as a dramatization of the novel of that name, published in the *Ledger*. We have not read the novel, and, after seeing the play, we are rather glad we have not.

The scene of this "original, dramatic comedy," as the bills call it, is laid in the village of Norwood, and the first act stretches through a weary hour of domestic love-making, without incident, and without interest. The second act, in the same place, introduces us to the singular historical, theatrical assertion, that the President's proclamation calling for 75,000 men was preliminary to the fall of Sumter, and as a dramatic tableaux, we are treated to the departure of the volunteers to the music of an air that was not composed until three years later.

The third act gives us a view of Fort Sumter, and we must express our thanks to the artists who have in this scene settled the true proportions of this famous fortress, and shown us that in 1861 it measured exactly 20 feet by 8, and 7 feet in height. There is also another historical fact settled, which is, that Sumter was manned and defended by volunteers from Norwood. We had always supposed, previous to this, that it was defended by men of the regular army, under Major Anderson, and fell before the enlistment of volunteers. There is another singular fact set right by this veracious history, which is, that news is brought in the second act that Sumter has been fired on, while the fort is not attacked until the third act.

In the fourth act, we are treated to the very improper spectacle of three young ladies meandering about the camp without any mothers to take care of them, and singing trios around the camp-fire. As this is only a question of propriety, and not one of fact, we have nothing to say about it; but still it strikes us as an improper place for them to be at night.

The fifth act takes us back to Norwood, and introduces us to a live turkey, though what connection this animal has with the story it is impossible to understand, unless it is as a successor to that pig which was the most attractive feature in Daly's dramatization of Reade's "Griffith Gaunt." If so, it failed to elicit rapturous applause, and though

introduced a second time by Jennie Worrell, did not create enthusiasm. This act closes with the return of the volunteers, and a salute from the band, who play a "little chune" while the star-spangled banner is waved aloft, and the curtain drops abruptly, leaving the audience in a state of pleasant doubt as to whether the affair is settled or not, or whether there may not be two or three more acts of a like calibre.

To speak seriously of "Norwood," seems like breaking a mouse upon a wheel, and yet seriously it must be spoken of, as it is given the public in a serious way. We said we had not read "Norwood," nor would we; but are convinced that there can be nothing in the story fit for dramatization, or so essentially bad a play could not have been made from it by any exertion. We can hardly blame Daly and Howard for picking up the work of so popular a man as Beecher, but we do think they might have taken license with the reverend gentleman's novel, and interpolated something that would be either true or sensational. As it was, the audience was amused—at its mistakes, bored by the attempts at fun, and only kept from deserting the house by the exertions of the Misses Worrell, who saved it from utter failure.

Having said this much, we must add that in all probability the piece will have a long run, such pieces generally do, and be carried with acclamation through the land, to show Americans what can be accomplished in dramatic literature by three great minds, and what is endorsed by an enlightened New York public.

Another sensation of the week has been the production, by the Bateman French Company, of *Les Idées de Madame Aubrey*, a drama in three acts. The piece has had a wonderful success in Paris, but for a time, managers hesitated to produce it here, from a doubtful opinion as to its morality, until Mr. Bateman with a nerve and taste, alike creditable, placed it before a New York audience. A few carping critics have seen fit to put on the garb of morality for the occasion, but we are thankful that our obliquity of vision does not allow us to see anything in this play but what may be seen and listened to by the purest minds, without any but the best emotions. Mlle. Cecile Reillez, who has just been added to the company, is charming, and has, in a bound, taken the highest position in the affections of the New York public. If we had but an English actress like her, the town would go mad with excitement over such a treasure.

"A Midsummer Night's Dream," at the Olympic, has been a wondrous success—and justly. The house is crowded to suffocation every night.

The "Devil's Auction" goes on from night to night, through storm and fair weather,

filling every seat, and keeping up a shower of bouquets to the fair dancers who are turning the heads of Young America topsy-turvy.

Oh! we had forgotten—the "Black Crook" still goes on.

On Tuesday evening last we were introduced to one of the most charming women we have ever met, to wit, Madame Aubray at her temporary abode, The French Theatre. Would that this dramatic creation of Dumas' had many originals; would that the Puritans who criticise her, who asperse her, had some portion of her sympathy, her forgiveness for her erring fellow-creatures; they would then scarcely be so harsh in their condemnation, in their refusal to recommend to mercy the more sinned against than sinning Jeannine! They would, like Madame Aubray, place in the balance against her "evil doing" her poverty, her youth, her ignorance of the world, and the insidious art of her betrayer! They would like Madame Aubray be moved by her remorse, be lenified by her repentance, and be won to friendship and affection by her native goodness of heart, her purity of mind, her utter abnegation of self, and her devotion to her child.

The nobility of Madame Aubray's soul, her strong common sense, her thorough Christianity, her own unstained and perfect character as a Wife, a Mother and a friend, are so great, so high, and so marvellously described by the Dramatist, so enchantingly portrayed by the actress, Madame Larnet: that for ourselves the verdict of such a woman is all sufficient, but we have to endorse it! and when in the last act, the heart-broken and loving Jeannine, feeling her unworthiness to mate with the honorable son of this honorable mother, though aware that in the depth of his love young Aubray would still call her his Wife, if his mother consented, realizing—with agony—that for that very mother's sake—her place in that son's heart must be lost for ever—when—we say, that to effect this wreck of her future happiness—she accuses herself, tremblingly and with piteous tears, of yet other derelictions, other "faults" committed! and Madame Aubray won by such noble self-sacrifice; clasps Jeannine to her heart—her last scruples utterly conquered—and exclaiming "She lies! my son is yours." We who have watched Jeannine through the piece and knew her past life—instantly and freely give in our adhesion aux "Idées de Madame Aubray" and cordially applaud her resolution, glad that she has the strength to be so strong-minded; and happy to welcome back to peace, virtue and happiness the unfortunate Jeannine. No words of ours can praise too highly the perfect acting of this piece. Madame Larnet as "Madame Aubray." Madame Hamilton as "Jeannine," La Roche as "Young Aubray," Caron as "Valmoreau," a most de-

sirable character for a young actor to play, and M. Hamilton as "Barantin," were all more than excellent, and it is long, long since we have seen a piece so thoroughly well acted. Why our French concitoyens do not besiege the Theatre "en masse" truly we do not comprehend. We bid all who understand French to accept Mr. Bateman's invitation to pass an evening *chez Madame Aubray*. No prudish reasons should induce persons to let this play pass unseen. We have no hesitation in declaring our opinion that it would be better for morality generally could the lessons contained in it, the good to be derived from it, be disseminated from every mimic scene in the world.

"L'Ensignement Mutuel" is the name of a *bagatelle* so *bagatelly* as scarcely to be worth mentioning. The talent and *esprit* of Mlle. Reillez might be more amply and more worthily employed in other and greater matters. We recommend to that lady's notice "La Bonne aux Camellias," now being played in Paris, as precisely adapted to her calibre.

GOSSIP.

Vienna papers boast strongly of their new opera house, now in course of construction. It is to have everything about it that modern architectural science can bring to bear.

The great tenor, Roger, has just signed an engagement with M. Stramfofer, Director of the Theatre Imperial, Au der Wien, at Vienna. This house has heretofore been especially consecrated to comic opera. M. Roger has chosen for his debut the opera of *Haydée*. They are now doing Balfe's "Les Quatre Fils Aymon" at this house, with Madame L'Hôte in the principal rôle.

The King of Bavaria has addressed an autograph letter of condolence to the widow of the composer, Lachner.

The opera of *Francesca di Rimini*, by M. Andrea Zerevich, has received a prize from the Institute of Italy, as a great lyric drama.

Mlle. Borghese has been singing the principal rôle in *Mignon*, at the Grand Theatre, Brussels, with great success.

Mlle. Bosetti has been engaged for the Theatre de Gand.

Mme. Johann Strauss, the wife of the great orchestral leader is about to produce some grand concerts at Covent Garden Theatre, London, on a magnificent scale.

At the Conservatoire, Paris, M. Saint-Yves-Bax has been appointed to succeed M. Guiliani, as professor of Vocal Music.

M. Sain-d-Arod has resigned his position as Chapel Master of the church of St. Sulpice.

The concerts at the Gewandhaus Leipzig, commence on the 10th of October.